267

G. 807. a
13

A Collecton of the

FAVOURITE SONGS

SUNG

This Summer in

Vaux Hall Gardens

BY

Mrs Weichsell, Miss Jameson, & Mr Vernon

Set by

MR WORGAN.

Book the 13th 1771.

LONDON Printed by Mrs Johnson Muſic Seller in Cheapſide No 110.
of whom may be had by the ſame Author
The two Collections of Vaux-Hall Songs ſung there laſt Summer.
Six new Sonatas for the Harpſichord.
The Nun and Friar, a favourite Cantata.
Alſo Publiſhed by the ſame Author 12 new Sonatas for the Harpſichord by the celebrated Don Domingo Scarlati.

George R.

GEORGE *the Third, by the Grace of God, King of Great-Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c.* TO ALL *to whom theſe Preſents ſhall come, greeting:* WHEREAS, *our truſty and well-beloved* JOHN WORGAN, *Batchelor of Muſic, has, by his Petition, humbly repreſented unto us, that he hath, with great Labour, Study, and Expence, compoſed divers Works; conſiſting of Vocal and Inſtrumental Muſic; and likewiſe been at great Trouble in collecting and procuring a Number of new Sonatas for the Harpſichord, compoſed by Signor Dominico Scarlati, which have never yet been publiſhed, and which he, the Petitioner, knows will be of very great Service and Improvement to all Perſons who are Performers of Muſic; and therefore moſt humbly prays us to grant unto him our Royal Licenſe for the ſole printing and vending the ſaid Works: We are graciouſly pleaſed to condeſcend to his Requeſt, and we do therefore, by theſe Preſents, ſo far as may be agreeable to the Statute, in that Caſe made and provided, grant unto him, the ſaid* JOHN WORGAN, *his Heirs, Executors, Adminiſtrators, and Aſſigns, our Royal Licenſe for the ſole printing and vending the aforeſaid Works, for the Term of Fourteen Years, to be computed from the Date hereof, ſtrictly forbidding all our Subjects, within our Kingdoms and Dominions, to reprint or abridge the ſame, or to copy out in Writing for Sale, or publiſh the ſame, either in the like, or any other, Volume or Volumes whatſoever; or to import, buy, vend, utter, or diſtribute, any Copies thereof, reprinted or written for Sale, beyond the Seas, during the aforeſaid Term of Fourteen Years, without the Conſent and Approbation of him, the ſaid* JOHN WORGAN, *his Heirs, Executors, Adminiſtrators, or Aſſigns, under his or their Hands and Seals, firſt had and obtained in that Behalf, as they will anſwer the contrary at their Perils; whereof the Commiſſioners and other Officers of our Cuſtoms, the Maſter, Wardens, and Company of Stationers, are to take Notice that due Obedience may be rendered to our Pleaſure herein declared. Given at our Court at St. James's, the Thirteenth Day of June, 1771, in the Eleventh Year of our Reign.*

By his Majeſty's Command,

Suffolk.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Whoever, in defiance of an Act of Parliment of the eighth of Queen Ann, and of His Majeſty's Royal Licence ſhall preſume to print, write out for ſale, or ſell written out, any of the Songs in this Book, will be profecuted with the utmoſt rigour.

The little Coquette

Sung by Miſs Jameſon.

Vio: 1.

Vio: 2.

Baſso

Allegretto

w/ Unis. col. pri.o

p f p.

p. f

f. Tho'

f.

Colla parte

ſtill ſo young, and ſcarce fifteen, Yet Sweethearts I have plenty, And if more forward I had been, Ere

P. Senza fagotti

il pri.o

Colla parte

f.

this they had been twenty. Like buzzing flies or waſps with ſtings, In ſwarms they

f. P.



2

I ſurely am not much to blame
To ſport with one and t'other,
My lovers raiſe no redd'ning ſhame,
Tis playing with one's brother.
I like to hear what each can ſay,
To ſee what they'd be doing;
And when they think me moſt their prey,
I'm fartheſt off from ruin.

3

What tho' in crouds I paſs the day,
And all my joy is teaſing,
To one alone I'd not be gay,
Leaſt one ſhou'd be too pleaſing.
They fondly flutter here and there,
And take their idle ſtation,
They only catch my eye and ear,
But raiſe no palpitation.

4

Then welcome Harry, Tom and Phil
Your numbers wont alarm me,
For truſt me, I'm in ſafety ſtill,
Tis only one can harm me.
Then to this folly, Nymphs be kind,
Coquetting's but a ſeaſon,
When older grown, to one reſign'd,
I'll yeild to Love and Reaſon.

Sung by Mr. Vernon.

Vivace

il pr.o colla parte

I heed not while life's on the wing, What fate or what

fortune may bring, Nor think or of care or of for-row, Nor think or of care or of

il pr.o colla parte

for-row Would you know why to happy and



2

What pleaſures already are flown,
The joys my fond heart might have known,
I cou'd not repeat without ſorrow:
When eagerly brimm'd the briſk wine,
When love half conſenting was mine,
A whiſper came ſtay till to morrow.

3

I'll live, for I'm wiſer at laſt,
The preſent ſhall pay for the paſt,
No moment of future I'll borrow:
The cheat now I fairly deſcry,
On to day you muſt only rely;
Look not for a friend in to morrow.

4

I'll catch every ſwift flying hour,
I'll taſte every joy in my pow'r,
And teach you to ſmile away ſorrow:
If love now bids beauty be kind,
If you've nectar to gladden your mind,
Have nothing to do with to morrow.

Sung by Mr. Vernon

Flauti Travers

Vio.i

Andant.no

Corni in D

Bassi

il pr.o colla parte

p

Love never more ſhall give me pain, My fancy's fix'd on thee, Nor

for

Dolce

e-ver maid my heart ſhall gain, My Peg-gy if thou die: Thy beauties did ſuch

il pr.o colla parte

p

pleaſure give, Thy love ſo true to me, With-out thee I ſhall never live, My

f

f

p

deary if you die.

for

2

If fate ſhall tear thee from my breaſt,
How ſhall I lonely ſtray!
In dreary dreams the night I'll waſte,
In ſighs, the ſilent day:
I ne'er can ſo much Virtue find,
Nor ſuch perfection ſee,
Then I'll renounce all Womankind,
My Peggy after thee.

3

No new blown beauty fires my breaſt,
With Cupid's raving rage,
But thine which can ſuch ſweets impart,
Muſt all the world engage.
'Twas this, that like the morning Sun
Gave joy and life to me,
And when its deſtin'd day is done,
With Peggy let me die.

4

Ye Pow'rs that ſmile on virtuous love
And in ſuch pleaſures ſhare,
You who its faithful flames approve
With pity view the fair;
Reſtore my Peggy's, wonted Charms
Thoſe charms ſo dear to me,
Oh! never rob them from thoſe arms,
I'm loſt if Peggy die.

Sung by Mrs Jameson

Transpos'd a tone lower for the conveniency of the Voice.

Flauti Traversi

Allegretto

Violi

Basi

Soli

p

Unis

for

for

The fields now are.

p

Vio.i

looking ſo gay, The Birds are all warbling ſo ſweet, 'Tis the.

Soli.

i Viol.i pia.

welcome re-turn of the May, And the Cowſlip now ſprings at my feet, Sy

Senza flauti

Vio 2.do pia

But all on a ſudden I find, Theſe ſcenes, tho' ſo lovely will cloy; Sy

Flauti

i flauti

1.Vio colla parte

2.Vio.

i Vio.i

Vio.1.mo colla parte

For a moment they gladden my mind, And put all my

f

p

i Flauti

i Viol.i

Heart in—to joy — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — And put all my



2

How ſoon the enchantment can break!
With Colin theſe ſcenes wou'd endear,
They only can pleaſe for his ſake,
And Colin no longer is here,
At midday thus loneſome I rove,
And think all is dullneſs around,
By moonlight with Colin and Love,
Light hearted I've pac'd o'er the ground.

3

Oh! Colin make haſte to appear,
Or to morrow I fly from the plain,
Tho' ſpring time cou'd laſt all the Year,
The ſeaſon wou'd give me but pain.
Since all the warm ſunſhine of May,
Is nothing if thou art not nigh,
Oh! come, and make nature look gay,
Or fields, birds, and woodlands good bye.

Sung by Miſs Jameson.

Flauti Traversi

Violini

Baſsi

Andantino piutoſto paſtorale

p

Sy

Soli

p

for

for

tutti B

To fly like Bird from Grove to Grove, To

Soli

i Vio.i colla parte

Vio.2.d

wander like the Bee, To ſip of ſweets and taſte of love, Is not e--

senza Flauti

Soli

Vio. 2.d

Vio 1.mo colla parte

— nough for me; No flutt'ring paſsions wake my breaſt, I wiſh the place to

i Flauti colla parte

f

2.d Vio.

Vio. 2.d

1.mo Vio. colla parte

find, Where fate may give me peace and reſt, One Shepherd to my mind

Flauti

p

Fagotti

p

Vio.i

Colla parte

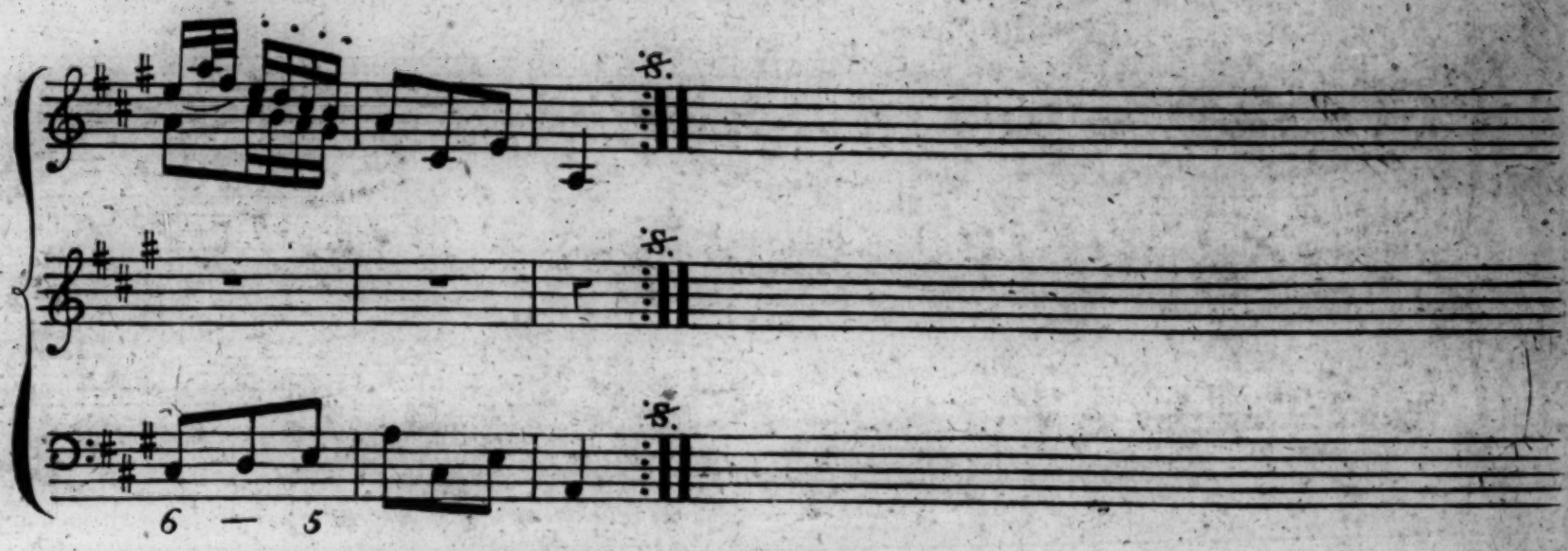
tutti i Vio.i for

Where fate may give me peace and reſt, One Shepherd to my mind.

C.B.

C.B.

for.



2

To every Youth I'll not be gay,
Nor try on all my pow'r,
Nor future pleaſures throw away,
In toyings for an hour.
I wou'd not reign the general toaſt,
Be praiſ'd by all the town
A thouſand tongues on me are loſt,
I'll hear but only one.

3

For which of all the flattering train,
Who ſwarm in beauty's ſhine,
When Youth's gay charms are in their wane,
Will court their ſure decline?
Then fops and wits and beaux forbear,
Your arts will never do,
For ſome fond Youth ſhall be my care,
Life's checquer'd ſeaſons thro'.

4

My little Heart ſhall have a home,
A warm and ſhelter'd reſt,
No giddy flights ſhall make me roam,
From where I moſt am bleſt.
With Love and only that dear Swain,
What tranquil joys I ſee!
Farewell ye falſe, inconſtant train!
For one is all to me.

A Favourite Air, with Clarinetts

Sung by M.rs Weichsell.

Clarinets

Vio.o 1.mo

Vio.o 2.do

Basso

w Unis

Vivace

p

p

6 6/4 5 p

f

hr

w Unis

for

6 6 5 6/4 5/3 6 6 6

hr

p

for

p

With sweet

6 6/4 5/3 6/4 5/3 p 6 f 6/4 5/3 p

S.

p

2.do ottava ſotto

S.

Colla parte

S.

S.

words and looks ſo tender, Well you have your flame ex — preſt, And con — jure me

S.

2.do

Unis

Unis

to ſur — render, All you wiſh to make you bleſt to make you bleſt — — —

Colla parte

Colla parte

make

for

for

Viola

you bleft.

for

p

p

p

Say, for yet I'm not com — plying, If bright

f

f

f

Soli pia

honour fways your mind? Say for yet I'm not com — plying, If bright honour fways your

Soli

2.d ott.va ſotto

for

Viola ott.a ſotto

Unis

ad lib

mind If bright honour ſways your mind. With ſweet

for pia

Colla parte

for

Then there can be no de-ny-ing, no no no de-nying,

for

When you aſk I muſt be kind. When you aſk I muſt be

f

for

p

f

kind

Then there can be no de – – ny – ing, When you aſk

p

Then there can be no de – nying no no no de – – ny – ing

Colla parte

for

p

Unis

ad lib p

Dal primo Segno al Fine

When you aſk I muſt be kind I muſt be kind. With ſweet

for

p

Content

A Ballad Sung by Miſs Jameſon

Transpos'd a third lower

Flauti Traversi

Vivace

Vio.i

Baſsi

Corni

f

tr

tutti B.

i Vio.i colla parte

At – tend all ye Nymphs and ye Swains of the Green For you I have

taſto ſolo

ſenza Flauti

Flauti col Corni Vio.2do

rov'd the Plains round, Whole months I've been prying and now I have ſeen, Where

tutti

con Flauti

ſmiling Con-tent's to be found — — — — — — — Where ſmiling Content's to be

col Corni e ſenza B.

ſenza Flauti

Flauti

2.do Vio.

for

found. Come quickly with me and I'll ſhow you the way, To the

Baſſi

tutti ſolo

ſenza Flauti

2.do Vio.

ſpot where he choſe his re treat, You muſt fly from theſe Plains to be

for tutti



2

I ſought him mongſt crowds and in each gaudy place,
But thoſe were the manſions of care,
In the palace of greatneſs unknown was his face,
Contentment had never been there.
I hied me to roofs that invited to joys,
Hope tempted me thither to rove,
But rude was their wit and their pleaſure was noiſe,
Tho' they beckon'd to peace and to love.

3

At laſt near a brook to a cottage I ſtray'd,
With a few ſimple ſheep on the green,
The roſe and the woodbine their ſweetneſs diſplay'd,
Not plenty but health bleſs'd the ſcene,
Good nature appear'd and unlatch'd me the door,
Nor knew what my coming there meant,
How great my ſurprize, here my ſearch was all o'er,
For he told me his name was Content.

A Pastoral Air

Sung by Miſs. Cowper

Transpos'd a semitone lower

Graziosо ma Vivace

Vio.i

Flauti e Corni

Vio.i

Flauti ottavi ſopra

con Corni a Flauti

for

pia

for.

Viola

con Flau. e Cor. pia.

In a ſe—cret wiſh'd for bow'r with fair

ſenza Flauti

Viola

con Flauti e Cor.

Jenny playing,

Jockey paſt the noon tide hour, Both had been a may — — — — —

for tutti

p

for

Flau. a.do Vio.

Vio.1.mo colla parte

— —ing Both had been a maying.

Sy.

Love had made the

f

p

f



2

How can am'rous Jockey gain,
All the joys of leiſure,
Ev'ry art he tries in vain,
Jenny's deaf to pleaſure;
Now to leave her ſeems inclin'd
Says he'll fly to Molly,
He prefers the Nymph that's kind,
Pride is nought but folly.

3

Fearing to be left alone,
Jenny grew relenting,
Rather than have Jockey gone,
Sweet ſhe ſmil'd conſenting;
'Tis as well ſays ſhe to ſtay,
Parting is but ſorrow,
Love ſhall conquer here to day,
Rivals may to morrow.

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